

The Solemn Mock Proceſſion of the POPE Cardinalls Jesuits Fryers &c: through the City of London November the 17th 1680



The EXPLANATION.

You must first know the occasion of this Mock-Proceſſion to have been, that the Pope, Fryars, and their Abettors here in England, contrived the Lamentable Burning of London; some Protestant Gentlemen, partly in a thankful Commemoration of their Deliverance, and partly to raise a just Abhorrence of such Popish practices, do now bring these Incendiaries in Effigie to the Fire they have better deserved; and that rather on Queen Eliz. Coronation Day, for that in her Reign, the Protestant Religion, and the true English Interest, were more conspicuously and candidly minded, with admixture of crooked Ends, or Foreign Policies.

But not to prolong your expectation, this Popish Cavalcade, or Proceſſion, did march out of George's Yard without White-Chappel Bars, and so gravely came on thorough Allgate, Leaden-Hall Street, and straight along to Fleetstreet, and the Temple Gate. 1. Was a Leader on Horseback; after him marched Whiffles, clad like Pioneers, to clear the way. 2. A Bell-man ringing, and with a doleful voice saying, Remember Justice Godfrey. 3. A Dead Body, representing Sir Edm. B. Godfrey Strangled and Bloody, and one of his Murthers holding him up on Horseback, after the manner he was carried from Somerset-House to Green-Berry Hill. 4. A large Banner is born by four, where on the painted Cloth are exprest the Wild-House Conſulters, viz. the Popish Clergy Plotters, all hanging on a Gallows; among 'em are some other pretended Protestants, Betrayers of the Laws and Liber-

ties; on the Reverse is painted Dame Celliers, and other Plot-makers, Popish Ingeneers under the Mask of Protestants.

First Pageant. On the foremost Angle of it is one in Black, playing on a Fiddle, with Pen, Ink, and Papers under his Girdle; on the opposite side is the Popish Midwife, leaning on a Meal-Tub, on the hinder part stand some Protestants in Masquerade, in pye-bald Habits: Then comes one born on an Ass, with his Face to the Tail, and in a black ghastful Hue, representing an Abhorrer of Petitions and Parliaments: After him one bears a Banner with this Motto, *We Protestants in Masquerade Uſer in Popery.*

Second Pag. Here are born four Grey Fryars, some Franciscans, strictly so called; others Minimes, a diminutive sort of that Order.

Third Pag. This carries two Benedictines, or other black Fryars, and two Dominicans.

Fourth Pag. Bears forty Jesuits, a fore burden to the whole World, Corrupters of all Morality, Christianity, and Government, Opulent as Civitates, ubi sunt commoditates semper querunt isti Patres, Clara: ades, bonum vinum, bonum panem, bonum linum, tanquam Sancti venerantur, tanquam Reges dominantur, tanquam fures depraedantur, Martem norunt an imare, & Tumultus suscitare, Inter Reges & sedare: But hang 'em now on the

Fifth Pag. Do stand two Popish Bishops, and two Arch bishops, who have not a Rag, but what they are beholding to the Pope for in their Pomp and Courts of Judicature, &c.

Sixth Pag. Here ride two Patriarchs, and two Cardinalls; for as about Gods Throne, so about the Popes, and the Devils; these are the four Animals, or Beasts, with Eyes all before and behind; the Eyes of Pride and Covetousness. After this Pageant comes an Officer of the Popes, distributing of Pardons, and saying, *Loe here you may have Heaven for Money.*

Seventh Pag. Here is the Man of Sin himself on a Throne, with his Counsellor the Devil inspiring of him, what new Artifice of cruelty must come next: He holds two Keys, and two Swords, representing the Civil and Spiritual Dominion over all, and a Page on one side holds this Inscription, *This is the King of Kings*; and one on the other hath a Streamer, and this Motto, *Thou art our God the Pope*: Abundance of Crowns and Scepters are strowed before his feet, to be distributed to those poor slavish Princes that will hold their Kingdoms in Villenage from him.

Eighth Pag. Carries Donna Olympia, and poor deluded Nuns, as Whores by Dispensation or necessity, following the Popes Camp.

Ninth Pag. In the foregoing ones you have seen the Charming Voice, Fineries of the Popish Circe and her Syrenes, now you have her Cruelties in this Pageant, representing the Fathers of the Inquisition, condemning a Martyr to the Stake for reading the Scripture, or judging by that Word of their new Forgeries.

Thus the whole Proceſſion went along, and was attended by hundreds of Flamboes and Torches. Never were the Streets, Windows, and Balconies more throng'd with Spectators, who with Acclamations exprest their abhorrence of Popery; and that they would with their Lives and Fortunes strive to keep out that cruel foolish Religion. When it came to Temple-Bar, the Statue of Queen Eliz. in respect to the day, was adorned with a Crown of Lawrel, and a Shield, on which was inscrib'd the Protestant Religion, and Magna Charta; before which the Pope and his Crew having received the Sentence to be burned by the like Flames they have kindled in the City, and the Temple, they were all tumbled down from their Grandeur into the impartial Element; abundance of Fuzes, like falling Stars, and Artificial Fires, in the mean time recreated the Spectators; a great store of Wine, and other Liquors, were profusely poured out to the Multitude, who unanimously of their own accord cryed, *No Popery*; God bleſs the King, Protestant Religion, the Church, and Dissenting Protestants, both whom God Unite. Amen.

The Pope, &c. being burnt, the Protestant (by them call'd Heretick.)

is discharged from the Inquisition; and then immediately repeats these Verses, looking up to the Statue of Queen Elizabeth on Temple-Bar, which was adorned with a Shield, with this Inscription, *Magna Charta, & Religio Protestantium*; with several Flambo's about it.

Behold the Genius of our Land!
Englands Paladium! may this Shrine
Be honour'd still, and ever stand,
Than Palas Statue more Divine.

Whist we thy Praise in Songs repeat,
Whose Maiden Virtues fixt the State;
Made us unite, and made us great,
From whence all happiness we date.

Thou to the Root the Axe didst lay,
Both Popish Succor, and Plots;
At one brave stroke thou took'st away,
In spite of Rome, France, Spain, and

A course of glad and peaceful years
That did so happily ensue,

London, Printed for Nathaniel Ponder, at the Peacock near the Stocks Mark t; Jonathan Wilkins, at the Star in Cheapſide, next Mercers Chappel; and Samuel Lee, at the Feathers in Lumbar-Street, near the Post-Office.

Shews us how we may ease our cares,
And the Conspirators subdue:

Nor need the English Senate dread
The Forts, the Fleet, the Scottish Host,
The Irish Friends, and Popish Head,
Apostate H--- does boast.

The Fox, the Lyon, and the Goat,
Have labour'd to defame thy days;
But still thou hast our Senates Vot;
In London still thy Statue stays.

Fixt in our hearts thy Fame shall live,
And maugre all the Popish spite;
To honour thee our Youth shall strive,
And Tearly Celebrate this Night.

There will be no other true Representation of this Proceſſion but this.